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MY FIRST COUSIN OR MYSELF

BY

ANNIE E. BARNARD

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FOREWORD.

THIS will prove a pleasant and acceptable book to those who love to ponder over my interesting and varied experience in Southern California.

The foremost and noblest character in this little book of letters is that of myself; therefore, I have not the presumption to attempt to give anything that would bear the appearance of a critical judgment on a work, written by myself to my own First Cousin.

Wanted, a hand to hold mine own,
As down life's vale I glide;
Wanted, an arm to lean upon,
Forever by my side.

Wanted, a firm and steady foot,
With step secure and free;
To keep its straight and onward pace
Over life's path with me.

Wanted, a form erect and high,
A head above mine own
So much, that I might walk beneath
Its shadow o'er me thrown.

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Wanted, an eye within whose depths
  Mine own might look and see
Uprisings from a guileless heart,
  O'erflown with love for me.

Give me a cosy nook,
And a bubbling brook,
And a good book,
And the noise of a distant city,
To make me enjoy my riches.

We often fancy that the difference between a born poet and a born fool is quite as slight as the partition that is said to divide genius from madness. However, it was a born poet who produced the above poetry, and it is worth preserving.

Los Angeles, January 15, 1907.

To my most clever and gracious Cousin:
(back East).

My dearest Cousin, Mary Ann Josephine Rose Duffy, a most hearty greeting to you this morning:

In response to your most interesting letter that came to hand some time ago, I will write you a letter on the installment plan, I being your mother's sister's child, I should have "got busy" and answered your letter before this late date, nevertheless, no one has your welfare and success more at heart than your Cousin in Southern California.

But as we pass through life, jostled by the pains that crowd into our old bodies, we often lose sight of those whom from a long and tried acquaintance become dear to us. We forget them for a while, when the busy cares of life press heavily upon us; but when from weariness or disgust we turn aside to some quiet nook or

shady by-path, their pleasant faces and kind deeds will up like fresh fountains in memory's desert. Among such "pleasant memories," I like to number you, my dear Cousin.

Years ago, when I plotted my daily round in the avocation of milliner your kindness and friendship was like wine that could make glad the most desponding heart. I received your picture also, and you look so nice and good. I am very happy to think that you are a cousin of mine.

Thank you, my sweet cousin, for the good likeness, and the long letter, so full of loving words, news and affection, and so like your own dear self; it made me recall very distinctly other days, of frivolities and pleasure.

Long I sat beside my window, lost in thought. At first the present occupied my mind; and then thought went far back to school-days, in the old dog-town school-house, the little red school, where we spent many happy days. One thing we can both vouch for—no one ever left it with a classical education.

Soon memory turned another leaf of her tablet, and your mother was before me and through the mist of time came her low words, giving us

such good counsel, telling us that we should always walk in the ways of wisdom and of truth; and then we would be content, and blest, and highly esteemed.

But you know we were too hilarious to listen to her good advice. Youth, and beauty, and happiness, reigned triumphant. One might have thought that our ages were counted by summers alone, and that our bosoms were undisturbed by even a foreboding of care.

True it is, the hand of providence, which united us in the ties that connect true cousins, has loosened and we are separated—you back there in that frozen country, and me out here in the land where it is summer always, and time takes us rapidly on. They tell me that time goes by very quickly out here because there are no long winters, but between you and me, Mary Ann and this letter, I wish that I could run in to see you this minute. I am sure that I would cry and laugh by turns. I would be so happy, but I am sensible of my unworthiness of so great happiness; my life, henceforward, shall be an effort to deserve it.

It pained me very much to hear that your health was not good of late, but I, not having

the power to sympathize with the feelings of the Invalid, to understand her wants, her pleasure, and her annoyances, the full power of thus sympathizing is only in rare instances possessed by nature; it has commonly to be acquired by experience; but as there is generally great danger for the sick person, I have a sincere desire to remind you in this letter that you have a foster sister away out in California, who was very devoted to you. I know that it makes you feel sad when you think of me being so far away, but as this life is a scene of mingled cloud and sunshine, we must smile with our weeping. And, my dear cousin, if it is God's will to take you soon please don't forget me in your "last will and testament," as you know that I was always very thoughtful of you.

You have always been so pure and holy I am sure you will be happy, when the brief dark struggle of life is ended; only think of what my grief, and agony would be.

If I could not have your cheerful letters—to help me in this world's great field of battle—why I can feel my frozen heart melting into tears, while I write about the possible passing away of my idolized cousin.

January 25.

You said that you passed a tape-worm thirty-six inches long (but you didn't say how wide). Why, Mary Ann, you must have swallowed your tape-measure, sometime or other, and that was what you passed.

Or perhaps it was a surplus intestine, surely you could not have a tape-worm all these years, when you have always been as plump as a partridge. However, one can't pass very many intestines and live, therefore, you ought to have your "will drawn up at once," and if you should leave your fond cousin the bulk of your property, I will carry out any promise that you wish, and I will have the following lines inscribed on your head-stone.

"My loss is great—I have lost my cousin,
And I must live alone.
No tongue can tell the pain I feel—
No one can brighten my home.
Her body has returned to dust,
Her limbs mold in the ground.
I hope the Lord will her reward
With an Immortal crown.
Smooth her hair and fix her sweetly,
Let the window curtain fall,
For death has taken my beloved cousin,
And she has answered the call."

If you don't think that the above lines are appropriate, let me know if you live to answer this letter. When you read them please don't get out your handkerchief, and begin to get sentimental; at least, just wait until you are dead.

Well now, dear cousin, for fear you might die, I, agreeably to promise, will give you a slight account of my adventures. My journey here was very similar to anybody's journey. I was browbeaten by conductors, snobbed and laughed at by waiters, and humbugged by everybody. The proprietors of what are called by public courtesy eating-houses along the railroads, are schemers, I tell you. A gentleman who sat next to me at one stoppage told me that he was willing to make oath that the turkey at the head of the table was the identical one that had occupied that place when he passed there a month before.

Indeed, I noticed myself, that the breast of the unfortunate turkey was pierced with a number of small holes—caused by the proprietor's plunging a carving fork into it with a flourish, as if just about to dissect it, as soon as he heard the first stroke of the bell which drove us all away to our train. The whole journey I paid as much for fasting as for feasting. And when

I reached here it would be difficult to say which was in the worse condition—my purse or my stomach. For all those long miles across the continent my *vis-a-vis* was a big fat red-faced woman, with a turned up nose, and no eye-brows at all worth speaking of, who held in her arms one of those wonderful articles, called poodle-dogs.

Now I don't think I'm prejudiced against dogs—they are all very well in their place—but one gets disgusted to see a big fat woman taking as tender care of a dog as she would of her first-born. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I've never had such a weakness—and never intend to be guilty of such a thing. I solemnly affirm that I never did, nor by any possibility ever could, have fondled or caressed a dog, the way that that woman did that pup. And to add to my discomfort, in the section directly across from mine, there was a man, his wife and five children—including a parrot. I will not undertake to say the parrot never shut its mouth for half a minute at a time, for twenty-four hours; but I do say that, if it did, it was when I was out of hearing. While the cars were in motion, it kept up a continual opposition

clamor, seeming much surprised at finding itself rivaled in its own peculiar game, occasionally varying its performances by a shriek, which I have no doubt was often taken by those in the other cars for the whistle of the locomotive.

When they stopped it seemed to imagine they were vanquished, and celebrated its victory in a succession of yells, in which it poured forth such a volume of sound as would certainly have carried away its front teeth—if it had had any. It seemed at home on all parts of the gamut. From lower G to upper A (I am not sure that my musical terms are quite correct, but you know what I mean)—its voice was equally well sustained, powerful and discordant.

To make matters worse, the wife of the man kept hoping the passengers were not disturbed by the parrot's noise, and protested that he was ordinarily the quietest bird in the world. May be he was, but, if so, the saying that "practice is necessary to perfection" won't hold when applied to parrots. Polly couldn't possibly have made more noise in the same time if he had been practising all his life for that particular display. However, we happily got rid of the whole family at Guide Rock, Nebraska, when they passed out

of the car. I threw myself back in my seat, and just said, "Amen." The woman must have overheard me, for she looked back at me, as if she thought my education had been neglected.

The rest of the long journey to California was solemn enough on account of washouts and other mishaps. We were on the road seven days. Our train was stranded for one whole day on the boundless desert, where we saw the sun rise as if rising from the sands. We took a peep into one of the numerous Indian huts. In rudeness and uncivilization we found the inmates bearing a striking resemblance to their little huts. In one corner was a roll of buffalo-skins which doubtless served for beds. The floor was the earth upon which the hut stood. An old woman was seated by the fireside, smoking a pipe. Several large, swarthy-looking boys were in one corner repairing their bows and arrows for a hunt. In another corner stood two girls with mortar and pestle, preparing to beat conyhanny; they were dressed in calico skirts, with red jackets fastened with silver brooches; their feet were covered with moccasins; their hair was plaited and hanging down their backs.

A whoop started the boys. They gathered up

their bows and arrows, and some dried venison and parched cornmeal, and went out where a large company of hunters were waiting for them. Soon the desert seemed to be alive with their whoops, yells and the barking of dogs, when our train started again over the everlasting hot sands.

I was in a state of feverish excitement to see California. The happy night arrived at last when the big overland train pulled into the depot at Pasadena. The passengers stood still in awe. There were ten coaches of them. The sky was perfectly clear, and the moon was shining away, pouring a flood of soft light silently through the quiet air. The moonbeams rested on acres of beautiful orange groves that stretched out far away to the mountains. I have many fond memories of that night. There will always be a sacred place in my heart for it, because of the feeling that came over me. The quiet beauty of the scene that spread before me and the scent of the orange blossoms and flowers made me think I had landed in another world.

At the depot there was a neighing of horses, and rolling of carriages, and a general hum of

voices, as passenger after passenger passed into the hotel.

Now if there is anything I dislike more than a screeching parrot it is a hotel. So I asked a man with a doorplate on his hat, who begged the privilege of carrying my baggage—and charged me a dollar for obliging him, by the way—to conduct me to a nice clean boarding-house. A few rods down from the depot, fronting on Meridian street, stood a large wooden building, with double verandas and low oaken doors. A huge palm swept the roof with its large overhanging leaves, and low down on one of its great leaves swung a weather-beaten sign on which was printed in large letters "Georgeana." At this house my escort stopped and rang the bell. A very tall lady answered. She had on an old-fashioned pink dress with four flounces, gradually decreasing from the bottom upward, which gave her the appearance of a half-opened telescope, and impressed me with a great curiosity to put my hand on her head, to see if the upper part of her body wouldn't slide down into her skirts, where there was certainly room enough.

She had a peculiar pinched sort of look, as

though she had formerly lived in a box, where space was an object, and had accordingly squeezed herself to the slenderest possible size. She had a wide-awake appearance, and her motions would lead you to imagine that she went by some kind of clockwork, which being out of order, only moved by jerks.

She straightway assigned me to a room on the second floor. It was a pleasant room, overlooking a beautiful garden. One window was completely covered with a rose-vine, still red with blossoms, through which the new moon was stealing in, while a soft wind stirred the flowers, until it seemed as if the light had half-awakened them. I sat crouched in the recess of the oriel window for at least one hour, thinking things. I should have been glad to have sat there an hour longer, dreaming aimlessly, perhaps, but very pleasantly, of the scenes and characters which had taken so strong a hold on my imagination, but I was not allowed farther quiet.

There was a slamming of doors, a sound of voices, for every noise echoed with tenfold force through that old house. I rose unwillingly enough and drew a long breath, passed my hand over my brow, smiled a sad smile, for home and

for you, Mary Ann, and for poor Edward. Did you notice how his eyes filled with loving admiration, when he bade me good-bye? I sincerely hope that you can feel for me and have charity for him while I am away. A hundred times, that evening, I stopped to listen, holding my breath, and turning white with keen expectation. Some noise at the door—some footfall in the street, had arrested me. But the sound invariably passed away, leaving me like a statue, as cold and almost as lifeless. My watch never ticked so loud before, and I did hate it for its methodical tickling, listening with a double sense; and with the cold tears standing on my cheek, I lingered through that lonesome evening, waiting for someone in vain.

Late into the night I lay recalling the events of the past. The gray dawn broke before I deemed the night had spent. Steps in the hall roused me. I dressed quickly and went out into the grounds. The old house stood on an eminence. A winding drive sloped down the road, and on either side of the dwelling were pleasant, old-fashioned gardens. At the back was a sort of lawn ending in three terraces, and beyond

the hill sloped gradually down through a grove of sycamore and palm trees.

A little below, the Arroyo Seco dashed through, leaving the banks precipitous and broken, with sharp ledges of rock hanging over the stream. Looking up the river, the rocks loomed higher and more broken, extending across the bed of the torrent and forming a cascade, down which the waters leaped in a sheet of spray, paused an instant upon a broad, flat rock, covered with green moss and ferns, then fell into the channel beneath, white and feathery as a rush of snow.

It was a lonely and picturesque spot. Great sycamores stretched their gnarled trunks over the waters; tall pines grew upon the very edge of the cliffs; below the falls the current was broken by rocks that had been flung down by freshets; and, after the winter rains, the roar of the torrent could be heard at a great distance.

I went down to the run, and clambered up the rocks to the top of the cascade, and seated myself upon the trunk of a fallen sycamore, looking dreamily into the waters below. I caught the flutter of a coat along the footpath

that edged the brook, and looking again, saw an old gentleman standing beneath me, watching the leap of the cascade. My curiosity was awakened, and, you know, Mary Ann, when my curiosity is active I soon get over the blues.

I recognized in him the tall, dignified personage that I saw standing in the hall the evening before. I went down to the place where he stood, but the waters drowned every sound, so that he did not notice my approach until I was close beside him.

He started, gave me such a sly look and a smile so beautiful that, for the first time, a feeling of timidity came over me.

"I thought myself the earliest riser in the house," I said, "but I see that you were in advance of me." He was older than I had thought the night before. He was quite aged—three score at least. His countenance was wrinkled; his eyes were beginning to get dull with the film of years; his skin no longer ruddy, but faded and time-worn. Yet you could not look into his face and at once withdraw your eyes, for there was something there that held them half entranced. I saw that a light within was shining through the veil of flesh.

Dear old man! My heart went out to him at once, his old beauty attracted me even more than would a young man's beauty.

"Think of angels, and one sees their wings," he answered. "I was just thinking of you. I saw you come in last night, and knew at once, you were a tenderfoot."

I can not say I was exactly pleased at being called "tenderfoot," and I suppose I looked it, for instantly his face flushed, as he tried to explain. He said he had lived in California for thirty years, and was familiar with every part of the state.

"Come up this way," he directed. "I wish to show you the view from some of those terraces. It is peculiarly fine."

While we conversed the changes of his countenance were a study. I had never seen anything like it in a person of his advanced years. I had often heard the words "growing old gracefully," but never so fully comprehended their meaning as now. There was one who had begun to grow old gracefully many, many years before. Ere the first gray hair had laid its almost imperceptible line of silver among his dark

brown tresses, he must have begun the work of growing old after this better fashion.

He helped me up the steep path, and we sat down upon a big flat stone, which was so covered with moss that it was like a couch.

"You must love this place," I said, after a long silence.

"I never come here without discovering some beauty which never struck me before," he replied. "Ah, I can understand that, people say that you grow so familiar with beauty as to disregard it, but it never seemed true to me. One needs to become acquainted with a spot like this to take in all its loveliness."

There we sat for a long hour, talking as I think, few strangers ever conversed between themselves. I told him that I was left all alone in the world, and came to California to seek my fortune.

"Well," he replied, "you have come to one of the most beautiful places on earth. You see the country that lies between Pasadena and the steep foot of the green mountains is patched with orange groves and beautiful homes and flower gardens."

And so we continued talking.

The breakfast bell had rung full a half hour before we started back to the house. As we went along I was a few steps in advance. Being very much pre-occupied with my thoughts I did not observe that I had dropped the "Lady of the Decoration," which I had taken along to cheer me up, until my companion, in a very musical voice said:

"Miss Gray, allow me to return your property. You dropped this a moment ago."

I at first looked wonderingly up into the dark eyes looking so eagerly down upon me, but then recognized that, thanks to the fly-leaf, whereon was written the owner's name, and to the finder's presence of mind, that tempted him to glance therein and read it, he had learned my name.

I thanked him, and reached out my hand for the book, but awkwardly dropped it again. We both stooped to pick it up, but he picked up my hand instead of the book, which deepened the crimson in my cheeks into such a rosy blood that it was really painful.

Of course, he could tender but a very lame apology for such an awkward proceeding, so he laughingly bade me give him the book to carry.

At the door I said, "thank you," and received my book and a card, on which was engraved "George W. Shufflebottam." With the rosy glow rushing up again, I nodded another "good-day," and flitted up to my room. I looked in the mirror to see my red face, and felt glad at heart that I had found a friend in a strange land.

June 16, 1907.

Five months have passed away, Mary Ann; since I started to write this letter. And I am happy, very happy. More so than I ever deserved. I am living in Los Angeles now, have been here two weeks. Am domiciled in a large, pleasant room at 324 W. 17th street. There is something very picturesque about this old apartment house. It stands a little back from the street. In the yard there's the grandest lot of flowers I have ever seen, and on either side of the front door there are beds of massive ferns. And there are two orange-trees that stand all the time just under my window.

Positively, I half live on the scent of flowers

and orange-blossoms; no perfume so delicious as those same creamy orange-blossoms and the budding roses. Los Angeles is certainly a delightful place. It appears the whole world is here. Well, now I must go and dress. "Within an inch of my life," as my sweet old suitor calls on me with clocklike regularity.

He is so nice and straightforward I so like his frankness and warm friendship, which I sincerely hope will never grow cold. You know, Mary Ann, there is no one quality that so much endears a man to me as cheerfulness. Talents may excite more respect, and virtues more esteem, but the respect is apt to be distant and the esteem cold.

But it is otherwise with cheerfulness. It endears a man to my heart.

Yes, my heart goes out with big bounds to such a man. I will tell you a secret, if you will promise not to tell a living soul. Here it goes. I have fully decided—I love Mr. Shufflebottam, and if he pops the question, I will accept without any delay. Who would have thought that so warm an acquaintance could have been formed in so short a time? Never could two light-headed, careless-hearted children trip through

their summer holidays more merrily than did Mr. Shufflebottam and I those last few months. We explored the wild woods in the mountains, and tracked the windings of the tiny brooks.

We have been constant companions, we have spent days at the seashore; we have fished together, and gathered pebbles and shells on the sand. We spent the entire day yesterday at Ocean Park. Expect to go to Santa Monica this P. M. Must dress now. Will write more in the morning.

June 17, 1907.

Well, Mary Ann, I had a delightful time yesterday. Surely there is no other place in the whole world more adapted for lovers than Southern California. With her blue sky, softened with delicate dreamy tints, and the flaming miras bright with golden poppy cups, and orange groves rich in luscious fruits and similar products of the sun and the soil, are not all these lands of invigorating air and blue skies have to boast of. Men grow stronger, women fairer under these favoring influences than elsewhere.

Figs, honey and wine were not the things that made Athens famous. The old poetic mountains of Greece breathed inspiration from their ever-changing peaks. The myriad smiles of the blue Aegean not only made the fig-trees bear abundantly, but they also compelled Homer to write his solemn spondees and Sappho to sing in her light trochees the passion of the heart.

The roses still bloom on the walls down south of Naples, but we know more of Italy when Virgil and Horace sang. When Cicero and Tacitus wrote, the verses of the poets, the fiery oratory of the declaimers, the picturesque phrase of Livy—all reflect the golden summer days of Italy. But, Mary Ann, what Greece and Italy were to the ancients and medieval periods of history, California will be to the Twentieth Century and to America. There is no other city that can compare with Los Angeles. No other country with such a capitol and such beautiful sister cities. No other urban and interurban car-lines that handle crowds so well. No other place with snow-capped mountains and eternal summer seas within an hour of each other, and a Los Angeles between! No summer and winter climate half so comfortable.

The climate here is truly the greatest asset, and the summer, they tell me, will in years to come attract even more than the winters.

Comparatively few people are honestly acquainted with the summer climate. I have been more comfortable here than I have been ever before; there is no murky, sticky, make-you-sick-at-your-stomach heat during any day or night. The sunshine is warm, but never excessively or distressingly hot. The shade is always cool; the nights are always delightful. One can sleep every night under coverlid or blanket. There are comfortable theaters always open, and the very finest shopping places for women. Hotels and restaurants are in abundance. I don't know of any summer resort anywhere else in which one can be so genuinely comfortable? My summer experiences during these few months in Los Angeles have made me feel younger and happier than I have ever been before.

No city of the West suggests such picturesque opportunities and sight-seeing possibilities as Los Angeles. Telling of the past, a time of missions and siestas and a future of activity and metropolitan advancement. Surely nature has been very kind to southern California in the way

of climate, and as a consequence the winters are mild and sunny and the summers pleasant, the ocean breezes cooling the summer climate sunshine to a pleasant temperature. I am sure it is a pleasant place to live in the year round. And if I change my name to Mrs. Shufflebottam, I will be perfectly contented to remain here the rest of my natural life. We are going to see the famous Island resort, Catalina to-morrow. Will write you all about my trip when I get back.

August 10, 1907.

Oh, Mary Ann, I had just a grand good time on the island. The fragrant pepper and eucalyptus trees, the beautiful palms and subtropical flowering plants, the many cozy nooks about the shores—all seemed to beckon with a dreamy, inviting restfulness. The bathers had retired from the beach, the links were deserted of golfers, and out in the harbor the boats at anchor were rocking idly with the gentle undulation of the traverse swells, when Mr. Shufflebottam and I started for Los Angeles.

Strange as it may appear, not a word was said by either one of us of love. That is so much

talked of and yet so little understood. There were none of those fond imaginings of future bliss so common with all lovers, no low, tenderly whispered words, no soft hand-pressures. In short, nothing of that out-gushing affection which makes the hours of courtship the most blissful of existence.

I thought that he would have said something in such a cozy place, as Catalina Island. But not one word of love. I was ready to accept him and marry him at once. But he is a peculiar old fogy. He seems to think that we understand each other, and that there is no need of a regular engagement.

He has asked me to accompany him to Mountain View next week. Mountain View is in the heart of the Sierra Madre mountains, on the south bank of the picturesque San Gabriel river, twelve miles from the mouth of the river, fifteen miles from a railroad station. The mountain-view resort is a large tract of level land amidst the high peaks, where giant mountains arise to great heights in any direction you may look. On the north side the swiftly rushing San Gabriel river, winding its way through thick timber-pine, sycamore, cottonwood, alder and

oak, with which Mountain View was thickly planted by nature hundreds of years ago, making it a perfect forest; many of these trees have reached a magnificent size, thus giving abundances of shade.

Who knows what will happen in the mountains, where pure air, clear water and natural charms fill every hour with a wholesome enjoyment; where giant mountains reach into the sky; where streams fight their way over rocks and boulders; where mysterious canyons, tangled forests, caves and nature's strangest sights are combined with California's mellowest climate. Perhaps all this will have a soothing effect on Mr. Shufflebottam, and we will be spliced by some good minister in the mountains. Without any fuss, he said that he has something to tell me when we take our trip to the mountains, I can almost guess what it is. A little love-tale, of course. Get ready for rejoicing, Mary Ann. I rejoice about everything, but the name, after we are married! I will persuade him to change his name to Mr. Shuffle, it is shorter you know. For our honeymoon trip we will go east, Mary Ann, and see all the loved ones at home.

Think of your cousin being married to such a distinguished, lofty, aristocrat. I know you will call me a fortune-hunter, a flirt, or something of that kind. When we return to California you must come back with us and with your talent, taste and beauty, you may catch as nice a sweetheart as I have without either of the accomplishments.

I don't know why, but I feel very nervous tonight, and may have written things to you that I should not, "you, who are so much like the pious little flower that we see in the spring of the year—low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory, rejoicing as it were, in a calm of rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrance, standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers."

There, now, always remember that your Cousin Annie feels much pleasure in rendering any assistance to you in helping you to find a good husband.

Well, midnight is brooding and I must retire to rest, therefore, I will say Adieu until I get back from the mountains.

September 1, 1907.

Lost, Lost, Lost!
A beautiful heart is Lost!
A beautiful heart went down, down—
Down like a ship at sea!
Who knows if a heart be Lost?

Poor, weak human nature; Mary Ann, do you know what the something was, that old sour fool had to tell me when we took the trip in the mountains? Well you can never guess, so I will out with it.

He had a wife and family all this time, who were visiting in the east! He expects them to return to Los Angeles next week, and he must go out to the house and get it ready for them; therefore, he can't see me any more. He said that I had been very good company, and if he hadn't met me he would have been very lonesome while his family was away. He also thanked me kindly for any company. Now, what do you think of that?

October 3, 1907.

"Scared at thy frown terrific fly,
Self-pleasing folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good:
Light they disperse: and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe."
—Gray's Ode to Adversity.

When he ceased thanking me, the nightmare spell, which had bound me in a thrall of silence, was broken. I chokingly replied, "You are very welcome, Mr. Shufflebottam, but I will take this leson to heart, and I will know if a fogyish old man, has a family anywhere on earth, before I go gadding about with him so many months again.

He tried to stammer out something in reply, but I rudely left him standing in the hall, and went at once to my room, and, having carefully closed the door, threw myself upon the lounge to recover, in a measure, my scattered senses. Had I been in a dream? Could it be that he whom I so loved could be lost forever? Hours passed by unobserved by me. At length I rose, stronger in spirit. I had made up my mind to go to Santa Ana, for a few days and by my return he might be gone from 324 West 17th Street, the apartment house, and thus I would

escape the pain of meeting him. For painful I felt it would be. Notwithstanding the disclosure of the last day, he was so intimately, so humiliatingly connected with the past few months that I wished in every way, if possible, to avoid him.

I will forget all happy memories of the past. Regret will soon be over. And yet the feeling is so new, the awful revelation too sudden, for me to be yet accustomed to it, and with an inward prayer for strength and fortitude I begun to pack a few things and drowned, in the performance of my duties, my sorrow.

"Fool!" I kept mutering to myself. I thought I knew men too well to be so mistaken; and, after all, what could I have gained, even if he had no wife? I would be sacrificing myself to one almost inhuman in his heartlessness. He will die in a few years at the very most anyway. How under the sun could I ever have made up my mind to live with his wrinkles is more than I can understand.

But what won my love, he retained all the accomplishments of early and middle life. In company, his graceful attention to ladies was in marked contrast with the awkward restraints,

cold reserve, or almost offensive indifference so often witnessed in those who are advanced in years. His mind was active and progressive, and though old in years, he was young in thought and feeling. With young ladies he was neither critical nor cynical. The new aspects of fashion never disturbed him; although he had not changed his own style of dress for more than twenty years. How gayly, and with what fond familiarity, would the sweet maidens and old widows gather around the old man in every company where we appeared. They felt no restraint, no repulsion, but were drawn to him by an attraction of affinity.

But I am behind the age, Mary Ann, I confess it. I am behind the age—far behind, the world goes too fast for me. At the beginning of my love affair I strove to keep up with it; but the fast ideas of old men, here in the West, bewilder me, and I am weary—and will sit down by the roadside to rest, I shall never recover the ground thus lost. Never! I feel like an old stage-coach distanced by automobiles. I give up the race and sit me down among the antiquities.

Yet I am not old in years—that is, not very old. I am not a broiler, but I am not ashamed

of the record in the family Bible. I can behold it without feeling a savage inclination for paste or scissors.

I can bear allusions to dates without wincing, still climbing the hill with a light foot and a young heart. I have not reached my inheritance of wrinkles and crow's feet, and gray hairs, nor do I eschew crusts and biscuits.

Albeit, I acknowledge to slight twinges of the rheumatism, I think that I must have been old when I was born. I cling so to old notions and old things, like a misdirected letter. I did not reach my destination in time. I should have been delivered in the days of my grandmother.

I am sure you will think, I am losing my mind, if I ever had any. But such a conviction has forced itself upon me, since I was foolish enough to fall head, neck and heels in love with such an old codger, who has a family of his own, and who is just toddling along the highway of life with the railroad trains whizzing past him.

Hereafter I will try to avoid connecting myself with characters whose good and bad sides are unmixed, and have not fermented together. They resemble phials of vinegar and oil, or pallets set with colors. They are either excellent

at home and intolerable abroad, or insufferable within doors and excellent in public. They are unfit for friendship, let alone love, merely because their stamina, their ingredients of character, are too single, too much apart. Let them be finely ground up with each other, and they will be incompatible.

I am in such a flutter that I scarcely know what I am writing. I must leave for Santa Ana in about one hour. I will return in a few days. You can address a letter to me.

"To the city of our Lady, the queen of the Angels," or, "the Eternal city."—

"The city of the gods."—

"The city of flowers and sunshine."—

If you address your letter to either one of the above names, it will reach me all right; but of course the most prominent among the distinguished names identified with the history of this place is that of Los Angeles.

Farewell—my lovely, pure innocent, ingenious, unsuspecting, sweet little human flower of a cousin. Write soon.

I remain, dearest, yours in a perfect fever of excitement,

ANNIE GRAY.

My First Cousin, or Myself.

November 5, 1907.

WALNUT LAWN, SANTA ANA,
CALIFORNIA.

My Dear Beloved Cousin:

You can be cruel as well as tender, or you would have answered my letter. I have risen earlier than usual, to-day, to number, in the silence and solitude of my own little dressing-room, some of the happiest and some of the most mournful events of the life partially chronicled in this letter.

My patience, love and friendship are alike outraged by you and everybody else. I don't know what to do. I am bewildered. Everything has gone wrong lately. I have passed through a fearful night, and there is no strength left in me. You know there never was any muscle in me, no reserved power, no elastic property; but I don't think that I will pine to death.

I have often heard that a good cure for lost love is to love again. I feel a little solitary and sad to-day, and must tell you why I did not return to Los Angeles. I have been off into the country, rusticating. Santa Ana is one of the

prettiest and quietest towns in southern California, romantically situated a short distance from the blue ocean. Whoever pursues the route leading from Santa Ana to the ocean, must have been struck with the rural landscape. The trees which extend on each side of the road opens at each instant to reveal long vistas, in which the eye loses itself in the horizon, or broad clearings, covered with orchards and ripe grain. Here and there, on gently sloping hills, rise elegant country houses, with gilded railings and half-closed blinds, which seem to float amid this ocean of verdure like flower-boats on the great rivers of China.

One of these especially, built at the right of the road, in a small country town called Fairview, was conspicuous for the extent of its outhouses—and its air of almost baronial grandeur.

In all truth and poetry it should be called, Notch House. It was less a villa than a modern castle, having, instead of moats, a fish-pond; for towers, aviaries; and for a court of arms, an orchard adjoining a meadow of alfalfa.

There is something very peculiar about a California summer. The thermometer never rises as high as it does in the East, and each day, as

it comes, seems a very endurable one. But it is in this long continuance that the true secret of its power lies. With terrible patience the sun girds himself, day after day, and week after week, to run the same race. With an eye at once bright and pitiless he looks down on those who have crept too near the throne of his power, and while for the less adventurous ones, he has rays of relenting, when he veils his face with soft clouds, or lets his beams fall on them sparkling through the light rain upon them, the audacious intruders, from April till September, he turns one burning gaze unflinching and unbroken.

In fact, the California summer is one long month of May—May as it used to be in former days, such as old writers describe with loving words and jocund phrases, and of which poets of our own time draw pictures, in verses rich with eloquence and imagery. Of course, Mary Ann, you know that I never could write poetry, but I do think that the California climate has made me a dreamer. Here are a few lines I wrote in my little room, in the country inn where I am boarding.

"'Tis eve, and a shadowy stillness
Steals silently o'er my soul,
And the murmurs of distant music
In rippling accents roll
O'er my spirits light and joyous;
And dreamy visions glide
Adown my soul's clear pathway,
Like a bark upon the tide."

Now, do you think that I will ever gain any fame writing poetry. Fame, you know is the best and purest drop in the cup of intellectual ambition. It is enjoyed, thank God, by thousands, who soon learn to estimate their own capabilities aright, and tranquilly submit to the obscure and transitory condition of their existence. It is felt by many who look back on it in after years with a smiling pity to think they were so deceived, but who nevertheless recognize in that aspiration the spring of their future energies and usefulness in some other and far different fields of action; and the few in whom the prophecy is accomplished, who become what they have believed, will often turn away, with uneasy satiety, from present satisfaction to the memory of those happy hopes to the thought of the dear delight they then derived from one single leaf of those laurels that now crowd in at

the window, and which the hand is half-inclined to push away to let in the fresh air of heaven.

November 10, 1907.

Mary Ann, you know I always flattered myself that I had common sense. Even you used to admit that I knew enough to retire into the house when it rained. But now, don't be disgusted with me when I tell you that I have spent the last cent of my little fortune. You, young, pretty, talented, and with a large fortune, must have patience with me. I will be frank and tell you exactly what I have done. Somehow or other, a Los Angeles real estate man found out that I was in love with this part of the country, and that I had a little money and no brains. So he kept right on coming down here in a big automobile, and taking me out riding all over the country. He was such a charming talker, he never stopped until he got me to buy a little cottage and ten acres of land, five miles from Santa Ana, in that beautiful little place called Fair View. I know not how it was with me when my eyes went over the place on entering; in alight-

ing, and even before entering, when we slowly crossed the bridge, where I first saw the little white cottage reposing amid graceful trees, shrubs and verandas, where I saw how lovely the stream was, how lovely the shady hill on which the domain lay; but it was as if a loving spirit came out from all the place, meeting my spirit, my seeking, striving, wearied spirit, and said to it, "come and rest." We often did sit and rest on the veranda for hours.

You see, when a California real estate man finds out that one has a little money, they never stop until they have sold you a foot of land somewhere, but now I have bought the place, the little home is mine, and I told the real estate man that my money was all gone. Still, I declare he comes and takes me out riding just the same. We are on the go the whole time. It is nothing but auto-riding, promenades, operas, and so forth. He is a handsome looking man. His name is George Schneppenhein, and he is just as jolly as he can be. I do enjoy his company so much I am charmed. I think a great deal more of Mr. Schneppenhein than of the opera; his genius and achievements have attracted, in a remarkable degree, the admiration of all the

boarders, and of myself in particular. He is one of those rare individuals who, regarding nothing impossible, does himself render the possible actual in spheres never before explored by human footsteps; who, to a thorough knowledge of the laws of nature and real estate, unite a force and energy of character which enables him to carry out the most difficult sale. He sells the earth between here and Los Angeles. He is here at this little inn, two or three days of every week and I feel like crying, every time he goes away.

December 1, 1907.

This morning we drove out through liquid sunshine. It was a typical Santa Ana morning. The rain falls through the brilliant sunlight in the most wonderful way, no one thinks of carrying an umbrella, or even a parasol to protect them from the mist, as the bright sunshine dries it almost while it is falling. The sweet-scented blossoms of the orange trees and the delicate green of the just opened foliage were rippled by the low west wind that was stirring among the

tree-tops, burdened by its freight of perfume stolen from the orange-trees, the new-mown hay, and the clustering roses—crimson, white, and blush-tinted—that clung around every country home, nodded in at the windows, or disputed the outstanding trellises with honeysuckle, clematis, or hardy grapevines—a wealth, a mass of blossoms, and tendrils, and emerald leaves.

Mary Ann, one can almost live on the scent of the orange blossoms, roses, and love, I believe that. That is what I will have to do if I don't get something to do soon. I am looking around for work.

You know that poverty is the nurse of manly energy and heaven-climbing thoughts, attended by love, and faith, and hope, around whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin and what was their early fortune. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth? No; such men emerged from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties; and

privation and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants; they know nothing of indifference or satiety. There is not an idle fibre in their frames; they put the vigor of a resolute purpose into every act, the edge of their mind is always kept sharp. In the school of life, men like these meet the softly nurtured darlings of prosperity as iron meets the vessel of porcelain.

Now I hope that I have made it clear to you that it will be no disgrace for me to work. I have rented my little ranch, it brings me in about thirty dollars a month but that is not enough for me to get along with. I am trying to get to teach a country school. Indeed it takes a whole lot of courage, when one don't know anything about Latin or Greek.

But I fancy it will be unnecessary to know either of those ancient languages. I will look for fame in something easy, although this foretaste of fame is in my case delusion (as the fame itself is a greater delusion still).

January 27, 1908.

Hoping ever, failing never—
Though deceived, believing still—
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy heavenly Father's will.
Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three—
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity!"

I will begin this morning by telling you how to be happy, I will give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but, as to being completely happy, that can never be till you get to heaven (if you ever get there).

The first is: Try your best to make others happy. "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."'

My second rule: Be content with little. There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, we require but little; and "better is little, with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith."

Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways. The one strove to raise up his means to his desires, while the

other did his best to bring down his desires to his means; the result was that the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third rule: Look on the sunny side of things.

> "Look up with hopeful eyes
> Though all things seem forlorn;
> The sun that sets to-night will rise
> Again to-morrow morn."

The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish tell us that happiness is not confined in one place. God, in his goodness, has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters. Two women (cousins, I believe) lived in the same house; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was wore a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lightened up with joy.

February 1, 1908.

Well, the question is settled—I am doing something for others, trying to make little children happy. I am teaching a small school on

an island—a few fishermen's families. I have only from ten to fifteen scholars, but I do enjoy it. I wish you could see my little paradise of a school-house.

The island itself is a perfect little gem; one of the loveliest little harbors on the north side, and a little lagoon in the center. The lagoon is about a mile long and eighty rods wide, and in the lagoon are two small islands.

Oh, I wish I could write, so that I might describe it. But my pen—it's of no use. My school-house is a little old shack, but what a delightful situation it is, out of hearing of the inhabitants, about half a mile from the houses, I should think, and on a slight eminence commanding a charming view of the harbor and bay on one side, and the little lagoon with its islands on the other. Vessels and steamboats pass often, and the school-house is completely embowered in trees; wild roses grow in profusion. and such quantities and varieties of wild flowers as I never saw before. Blueberries, such as we used to cultivate in our gardens in dear old Wisconsin, grow here wild in great abundance. And who can say that I am not happy?

We often have picnic parties in the school-

yard under the trees, and Mr. Schneppenhein is very attentive. I know not what magnetic influence he has exerted over me, but his sweet glance when his eye meets mine, haunts me all the time, and the air is always clearer when he is around.

March 29, 1908.

I scarcely know how it happened that such a warm, rich gush of happiness—never felt before even in my younger days—has given to all things around me a freshness, and a new joy, and beauty to life. Last evening we found ourselves quite alone, just in the softening twilight shadow. Nothing unusual, it is true, but just then there was a thrilling pleasure in being alone. The shadows crept softly in and played strange frolics over ceiling and floor; the light boughs of the rose-bush that screened the window stole in and brushed my cheek; the pendant boughs of shrubbery rustled in the slight breeze, and the lemon-blossoms gave out an unnatural oppressive odor. The night was perfect. We took a ride across the island. It was as beautiful as

you can imagine, enough in itself to cure a person of ordinary ills. The rich California ranches and meadows, like so many gardens, stretching on either side, bordered with trim hedges of cypress, the green lanes through which we drove, lined with graceful eucalyptus arched over our heads; the thatched cottages of the fishermen, mantled with thick covering of ivy, which seems here most luxuriant, all presented a scene of quiet beauty and richness.

I doubt if anything more beautiful than this country life in California, at the time of the orange blossom, can be found in any country. On this island there are the most romantic little hamlets built in among the cliffs, sheltered by high hills from the north and east winds, and exposed only upon the west. The climate is so mild that shrubs and flowers flourish here in the greatest luxuriance. The banana, the fig-tree, and even the fuchsia grow to great size and hardihood. The houses, which are mostly fancy cottages and villas, are perched here and there in retired nooks, with winding paths that reach them from the neighboring cliffs. Everything seems done with an eye to the picturesque; and the attempt has been most successful. A scene

of wilder beauty can hardly be imagined than is to be found along the coast from Newport Bay to Lagoona Beach.

On our way home I was thinking. My heart was filled with peace and love, when I came out of my thought and was once more aware of realities, of the real mortal man at my side. I knew that I liked him heartily then, for the first time, not loved, but liked. Looking at him, I saw that he was just coming out of his thought, was just drawing himself up to say, "what makes you so sly?"

He laughed, thinking how still I was, just as I laughed thinking how still he was. He seemed to enjoy it, just as I did. Pretty soon, when he was looking my hand over, examining each finger-tip and nail, each vein upon the back, each line upon the palm, spanning the wrist with his palm and overlapping fingers, he said:

"Your hand is a perfect one, Annie; larger than the smallest, and so it ought to be, for one of your height and breadth; but the shape is perfect, and so will the softness and coloring be, by and by, when I get you away from all this school work. I know beforehand how happy I shall be taking care of you, doing everything for

you, seeing that nothing rude or troublesome comes near you."

When he kissed my hand in ending, as a token of his tenderness toward me, I kissed his hand, as a token of my tenderness toward him. When he would have drawn me toward him, as if it were to shelter me from the rudenesses and troubles of which he spoke, I knew that it was not for me to be so drawn and sheltered on his breast. On the contrary, I longed to draw his head to mine and give it rest. I did lay my palm on his forehead. He settled back as if tension were giving way through all his being, and said:

"That is good! How cool and good it is! My head must have been hot; but I didn't know it. You don't know, you can't think, how good your hand is on my head, Annie."

There was a strange, trembling, uncertain joy at my heart. What was it? What would it bring forth? I could not tell. I only knew it was there, and I vow I do believe that I was born with two hearts, because I know that I gave one whole heart to Mr. Shufflebottam, and now I have one twice as big for George Schneppenhein. George is so devoted, you know, indeed it would not be hard to imagine myself in love

with him these beautiful evenings, when we are out riding, gazing out upon the ocean with the moonlight sleeping silently on its bosom, and shining on it, far away, far away, into that dim unknown, mysterious future, like our lives are, and seeing the waves come rolling and leaping towards the shore, then breaking against it with wild, low music.

April 10, 1908.

Perfect love, Mary Ann, has this advantage in it, that it leaves the possessor of it nothing further to desire. There is one object, at least, in which the soul finds absolute content, for which it seeks to live, or dares to die. The heart has, as it were, filled up the molds of the imagination; the truth of passion keeps pace with, and outvies the extravagance of mere language. There are no words so fine, no flattery so soft that there is not a sentiment beyond them that is impossible to express, at the bottom of the heart, where true love is. What idle sounds the common phrases, adorable creature, divinity, angel, are! What a proud reflection it is to have a feeling answering to all these rooted in the breast, un-

alterable, unutterable, to which all other feelings are light and vain! Perfect love reposes on the object of its choice, like the halcyon on the wave, and the air in heaven is around it!

I always thought there was nothing in this world like a happy marriage. It is a glorious sight to see two old people, who have weathered the storms and basked in the sunshine of life together, go hand in hand, lovingly and truthfully, down the gentle declivity of time, with no anger, nor jealousies, nor hatreds garnered up against each other, and looking with hope and joy to the everlasting youth of heaven, where they two shall be one forever. That is true marriage,—for it is the marriage of spirit with spirit. Their love is woven into a woof of gold, that neither time nor eternity can sever. I am sure that such a marriage will be George's and mine, Mary Ann. "Whoever lives true life will love true love."

April 27, 1908.

Happy? Hardly, but quiet.

I came in from school this afternoon, and, as I removed my hat, and sat down in my chair by

the open window, (how very strange it is, people will sit away from a window when they can get near one!), my heart abruptly asked me the question, and answered it as my pen has. George is not here to-day. It is four o'clock, Friday afternoon. School closes this day at half-past three; consequently, I have an hour more than usual to myself. I often avail myself of it, to take long walks into the orchard, or down to the seashore; sometimes, I take my scholars with me, but I more frequently go alone, when George is not here. This afternoon, however, I could not walk, there has been a clamor in my soul—a quick, vehement upleaping of the tides. I am trying to get my wits together. All day I have been trying to instil into the little Mexican minds, the following rules, in the journey of life.

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you. Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it. On no occasion relate it. Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow. Never think worse of another on account

of his differing in political and religious subjects. Never dispute with any one who is more than seventy years of age, nor with any enthusiast. Do not jest so as to wound the feelings of another. Say as little as possible of yourself and of those who are near to you. Never court the favor of the rich, by flattering either their vanities or their vices. Speak with calmness and deliberation, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Don't you think those are very good rules? I wish I could practice them myself. Would you believe it, my way of governing the black tots, is through kindness? I think the sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face, familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more

refined turn in their journey through life, and make their travelling irksome and unpleasant.

I think I am at least a tolerable teacher, don't you? I am going to close my little school next week. George is going to take me in to Los Angeles, to see the Atlantic fleet. They say, unchain the thunders, every one, and let the skies echo back the welcome! Let Los Angeles and all her back country, away over the deserts and mountains, from the plains and valleys and from the mountain tops, pour out their thousands and their tens of thousands to greet the great peace-makers of the age. No throat shall be mute, no eye dull, no heart without its response.

Americans, the fleet and all its commanders and all its crews will be in Los Angeles on Easter Sunday. The East has had these ships which fly so proudly the flag we love so dearly, they have been welcomed with enthusiasm at many foreign ports. On Easter Sunday they will all be ours.

May 10, 1908.

All my life I have wanted to see a fleet. My wish has been fulfilled. The Atlantic navy has just left our shores, the gentlemen of the navy,

who have in their hands the defense of our nation on the seas, have been at home with us. We love the men and the ships. They are dear to us because they stand guard to defend us. Every man is our hero, because his body stands between us and danger. Every home in Los Angeles was decorated from top to bottom to greet the brave seamen. The thousands of men on these ships are our countrymen. They are, every man, our fellow citizens. We sit at home and enjoy our ease under our vine and fig-tree. We go from city to city and from place to place and buy and sell and get gain. Those gallant sailor men have no home but their ships, no place of abode but the vast wandering seas, no bed but their narrow hammock. They give up all the opportunities of making a fortune and all the comforts, luxuries and pleasures of life. In case of war they offer their hearts' blood for our protection. To us they stand as the exponent of American manhood and of American patriotism. The wonderful American battleship fleet has again resumed its long journey around the world.

After having passed a week at the ports near Los Angeles, it was a sight that stirred our hearts to such an extent that tears filled our

eyes, while our hearts swelled with pride; and our voices, trembling with emotion, found in the wild, joyous cheers of welcome that were carried out by wind and wave from the thousands on shore to the thousands of seamen standing on the decks, waiting expectantly for this welcome.

When strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" and the national hymn floated from ships' deck to shore, the nerves burned with the full realization of what love of country really means. It was a truly memorable event, one that we will ever remember. It was a "dress parade" of the finest body of battleships the world ever saw. And, do believe me, Mary Ann, the officers and all the enlisted men said before they left that Los Angeles was the best city they had ever seen.

I heard one handsome young officer say: "Never has such a welcome been given us as we have received in Los Angeles. Never again, though we sail around the world and back, will we get another like it."

It made us feel a little proud when those 14,338 men frankly told us that they had spent the happiest week of their lives in this city.

There was one incident at the park one day which was an inspiring lesson to every young

man in this country. About one thousand blue-jackets started for the barbecue. The rain was coming down as if to make up for lost time, and the big field was blue with a shifting multitude. Suddenly the band broke out with "the Star Spangled Banner." It was like magic in that field. Instantly every man stood to attention in the rain and waited until the last note, then they simultaneously saluted.

They are all, every last one of them, fair-minded, brave-hearted, unselfish men. Their wonderful journey began December 16, from Hampton Roads, Va. There are sixteen battle-ships and six torpedo-boats and a number of cruisers. We hope and pray that they will all remain on the Pacific coast. We need them to protect our great Western States and their destinies. We ought to be considered just as much as the Atlantic coast.

Our best wishes will follow the sailor lads around the world.

NEWPORT BAY, May 2, 1908.

The sun darting into my little bedroom awoke me very early this morning, Mary Ann. It was so happy and brilliant—as brilliant as I should

like to see it on my wedding-day—that I couldn't sleep. I am weary and all tired out. It was nearly midnight when we got back from Los Angeles. I must go and teach the little Mexicans, and that is my "bugbear!"

Mary Ann, I found out when I was in Los Angeles, everybody who is anybody, don't call themselves by long disagreeable, ugly Christian names, any more. You see, a young lady's name has more to do with her happiness and prosperity than we are apt to imagine. Your name is top-heavy, Mary Ann. I am going to call you Marie, Mamy, May, Mayme, Mae or Mollie, or Mazie, or Minnie—when you write let me know which one of the above names you prefer. In the meantime I will call you Mae—it is so short, you know. You should have changed your name long ago and insured yourself, against the peril of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death.

You ought to have your mother prosecuted, for naming you Mary Ann Josephine Rose. You see everything is education and fashion out here in the West. The trains of thought we are indul-

ging in this hour; the society in which we will spend the evening; the conversations, walks and incidents of to-morrow. And so ought it to be. We may thank the West for its infinite means of impression and excitement which keep our faculties awake and in action, while it is our important office to preside over that action, and guide it to some divine result.

And about the latest style, Mary Ann or Mae, I mean. Many ladies in Los Angeles, are wearing low dainty little socks. They are so cute I got me a pair. But I find I can't wear them on account of the rheumatism in my knees. Therefore, I will send them to you and you can lead the style in the East. You can see that my endeavors are always directed towards doing good to you. (I wish that I could say the same about you).

To tell you, my dear cousin, that you live in my most grateful remembrance, though many a long and weary mile separates us, would be but to repeat what you already know; for could I be guilty of such baseness as ingratitude after you have done so much for me when I was young? I will try to forget your indifference now. I sometimes feel as though I could fly to

breathe once more the pure and bracing air of Wisconsin, and take a glimpse at you all at the old home. But I trust that, whether we shall ever behold each other again on earth or not, I am, by God's grace, preparing to meet you far above the sky in his own good time, when we shall have left this sinful world. We should fix eye and heart upon that heaven which He, the first-born, has preoccupied. We should feel that in Him a portion of ourselves has departed thither, a sinless type of humanity, which keeps its place for the rest; and that our heart, in Christ, being already there, all else should struggle, with holy impatience, to follow.

I feel a little melancholy, this morning, I don't know why, and I had a very restless night, perhaps it is because I am so very much in love. But when one is in love the heart should be a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues and exhaling sweet odors. I am nervous and must stop, Mr. Schneppenhein will be here in a few moments. Schneppenhein, the name will be the bane of my life, but I will escape the ridicule which is often poured forth on unmarried women of a certain age.

Mary Ann (or Mae, I should say) you ought

to get married, before you pass the heyday of youth, because they say that old maids can't cherish youthful feelings, and look with a fresh and unsated eye on all that is beautiful in nature and lovely in character. The glory of the earth and sky have less significance for her than when in early life it enchained her attention; poetry, music, painting, literature, the cultivation of the intellect—everything that enlarges the soul and thrills the heart—have no charms for the old maid. She often feels solitary and sad, and in "days that are dark and dreary" she wishes that her lot had been a different one. She is always worrying and repining.

Why, do you know that some people actually think that old maids have no souls? For my part, they can think as they please, for I am not going to be one. Mr. Schneppenhein is coming this evening, and I tell you I think that there will be something doing because he measured my finger when we were in Los Angeles, I will hurry to write you all about it. Don't be grieved, disappointed, and vexed with me, because I hav'n't sent you an invitation to be present. There will be no cards. I will just write and tell my little story after it is all over. My school closes in

about two weeks, then I will be free to do as I please and go where I will.

I fancy I will be teaching, loving, honoring, and obeying one scholar next term. When I get married, I mean to tease my husband almost to death. I do like to tease those I love." Ha, ha!

I know, Mary (or Mae), you shall be one of those dear, quiet, kind, unobtrusive old maids that go about doing good, so quietly, so gently; that sacrifice everything, if it adds to the happiness of those around them; yet do all so silently that no one knows their worth until they have passed away forever. Then they leave a vacant place, and their memory is loved and reverenced. Or you will be like those five Miss Dolittles, who every one says are trying to catch husbands, and every one despises, or like that queer sentimental Miss Sykes, or like old Miss Skully, who looks as though she lived on sour grapes and persimmons.

Oh, Mae, forgive me, you shall belong to none of those classes; but you will be like the old maids whose lives are so good and beautiful that we never think of them as such. No, you shall not be an old maid; you must marry some noble man like Mr. Schneppenhein. He will be here

in a few minutes, and I must run and make up. When I see him coming, my dull blue eyes, are lit up with affection. His look, his tone, thrills me to the soul. I fancy I love him, don't you? George and I have never spoken to each other about getting married. I wonder how he will introduce the subject. I will write you all to-morrow.

June 5, 1908.

I should have written before, dearest Mary Ann (or Mae, I should say), if I had not been reduced to such fearful pain, I have actually been incapable of doing anything the last two weeks. How shall I explain? I don't know what to say.

But you mustn't start, Mae, if I tell you that I am to be an old maid, forever. But it is true, and I can assure you I find it anything but agreeable. Mary (or Mae) if I didn't fortunately possess a very strong constitution, I should not now be writing to you.

I am satisfied that the ending of this, my last love affair, would have caused any ordinary woman to "collapse." However, though greatly

shocked, I survived it. I continue my way alone, I never will allow myself to fall in love with a man again, I have determined to be a man hater, I will soon be snugly settled in my own little home, on my little ranch. I have decided, to live there the rest of my life, and raise poultry. I will take one old colored woman to live with me, I mean to shut myself in, away from the outside world, and try to be happy there alone, with my poultry and books.

I am sure you will sympathize with me when I inform you of my loss, oh heart-breaking word! My heart is in such a flutter that I can hardly write even now, I feel as though my pen hesitates while trying to inform you what a fiery furnace of affliction I have been tried in during the last few weeks.

But the sweet recollection of your sympathizing with me in the loss of my parents, when I was young, convinces me that it will be a great relief to pour out all my sorrowful feelings into your kindly ears. Yes, this has been to me a very gloomy month, in which I have drank deeply of the cup of affliction; for a beloved sweetheart has been snatched away from my fond embrace as if it were a passing dream.

I don't want you to mingle your tears with mine, and I don't want you to laugh at me; I just want you to feel for me.

June 7, 1908.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears hinder sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears prevent sorrow from becoming despair and madness, and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

But there are some passages of life over which one's memory always pauses with a shudder; and even now my hand trembles and my heart sinks as it reverts to that terrible night when George Schneppenhein, and I were to become engaged, we parted forever. The tears blind me I cannot write; but it may be, Mary Ann (Mae), you can partially comprehend the agony of that dark night. Still I know that you can't, because you never were in love. With love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors. But with lost love it becomes a dull, dreary place. Of course, I fancied I could de-

tect, now and then, that George Schneppenhein had occasional faults like the rest of men; he was so easily influenced, had so little strength of character.

Well, the evening we parted he invited me to take a walk—"our last walk." We walked on for some time, chatting of those things which occupied our thoughts least, as people generally do when anxious to avoid an approach to the subject uppermost in their mind. I was thinking how very dull it would be without him, how I should miss his sweet smile and ready offers of assistance to help conquer any difficulties which might occur to me in my teaching.

At last, I said, "week after next is vacation. I need the rest from my labors, as well as the children, for the weather is very warm, and the hours are very long in the little school-house. I look forward with some trepidation to the visit of the committee, yet the children all seem to feel stimulated to do their best, and I hope the examination will pass off creditably to all concerned."

"What care you what they think, Annie?" said he. "You are not going back to teach that school next term."

Then he began to recite Longfellow's "goblet

of life" to me. What a voice he has, and how the clear, deep, rich tones vibrated along those grand stanzas, which are the voice of a prophet and poet anointed of God!

I could have walked for hours, listening to those deep, low tones that thrilled me like the sound of a trumpet or the swell of an organ. But the evening was growing late, and we had to return to the house. My heart seemed to have taken up some new, sweet tunes of happiness, and I walked to their soft mysterious airs, led by a summer moon through the blue deeps of an unclouded sky. The quiet armies of the stars had almost passed the meridian of their march when we reached the gate.

Oh, heart of mine, how can I tell you the rest? I am unloved and alone. We stood at the gate for a while. The breeze had freshened; I shivered slightly as I hung upon his arm.

"I am so thoughtless," he said. "Forgive me, Annie. May I call you so, dearest? I was so selfishly happy having you here, all alone by myself," and he wrapped my cloak more closely about me, "I must guard my little flower always from chilling winds," he added. And his voice took a lighter tone. "Annie," he said, in

almost a whisper. "When your school closes, will you go with me to Mexico, and be contented there?"

"Anywhere with you," I replied in a low voice, as I looked into his eyes. My eyes, were full of a woman's full trust, and tender love, nay even of self-devotion. Then we both stood quite still for a moment, I was thinking. He loves me, he does love me; I knew he did. But I ventured to say. "Why go to Mexico, George? Can't we live here?" He strove to calm himself when he thought of what was now before him—of the disclosure he must now make. I could see that a feeling of utter despair crept over him as he anticipated the consequences of his confession. He must have felt sure that I, guileless soul, would not only approve of but would not comprehend the train or reasoning which had been so powerful upon his mind, while his voice was broken with emotion. He said. "Because you are my affinity."

"Affinity?" I repeated, and crustily asked, "what is that?"

He strove in a restless way to explain. "Affinity, darling, is a physical or spiritual attraction believed by some sects to exist between per-

sons, sometimes applied concretely to the subjects or objects of the affinity. Spiritualists accept the doctrine of special affinities between man and woman; affinities which imply a spiritual relation of the sexes higher and holier than marriage. Such natures as on coming near, lay hold of each other and modify each other, we call affinities." "Oh," I said. "I should rather we would get married, and live here, George."

"But, Annie, I am married, I have a wife and two children living in Pasadena, I am willing to leave them, give up everything, and flee with you to Mexico."

I felt the cold shivers creeping over me. I shook with nervousness and temper, I tried to speak, but not a sound could I make, I opened my mouth, but my throat was paralyzed from nervous terror. There was a long pause, I gathered myself together and made one heroic effort, my voice rang out into the great empty garden.

"George Schneppenhein," I cried springing back, " go away from me, far away, and never come near me again. Go away! never let me see you again, go! Do you hear?" I almost shrieked. "Do you dare to stand there and say

that you are a married man, and have not told me of it before?" I exclaimed.

He muttered something bitterly; then with a look of deep suffering, he said, quietly, but his voice trembled, "Darling, you do not know, you do not know."

"I do, I do," I said with frantic energy. "I will go and explain all to your poor wife."

I was completely stunned by my own violence.

"God help me!" he said, and sat down by my feet, and buried his face in his hands. One great sob came up from the deeps of his soul, and, as if ashamed of betraying this weakness, he rose up hastily. His face was deadly pale, as he turned from me with a listless, weary step, and went away, leaving me leaning against a big palm-tree, looking after him with blinded eyes. I went in the house and rushed upstairs, and threw myself on my bed. "Oh, misery, misery!" I groaned out and all through the night I tossed and moaned; but towards morning fell into a troubled slumber, from which I was awakened by myself calling out, "George, how could you fool me?" Well it is all over, I thought while I was dressing for school, the quiet love that lingered in my heart has passed away, and the old, desolate weary feeling has come back.

My First Cousin, or Myself.

In life's struggles, there are moments when the liberty of the inner life, opposed to the trammels of the outer, becomes too oppressive; moments when we wish that our mental horizon were less extended, thought less free; when we long to put the discursive soul into a narrow path like a railway, and force it to run on in a straight line to some determined goal.

O, mirth! O, sadness! How oft ye tread, unrecognized, but twin-handed, side by side! I promise to tell you the remainder of this sad story in my next. Au revoir, Mae. Until vacation.

July 9, 1908.

"Haunted house, or haunted heart!
Which conceals the deeper smart?
Here are chill and joyless rooms,
Flitting shadows, hovering glooms,
Many a fearful voice and face;
Oh! thou dread and dreary place,
Haunted house, I fly from thee.

Yet the world could ne'er impart
Peace to me, whose haunted heart
Whispered of a promise spoken,
Of a trust which had been broken.
No new faith could give me cheer,
No new promise could be dear;
Haunted house, I cling to thee."

Alas, my dear cousin, my adventures are like the recollection of some wild, fevered dream, a hideous nightmare, from which we start with bristling hair, while the cold sweat bursts from every pore!

Had I not been seized with that fatal yearning to visit California, had I resisted firmly my restless love of adventure, I might still have been at home, a careless, light-hearted rattle-brain like yourself. And yet, Mae, there is a strange, unnatural kind of pleasure felt sometimes in the continual attacks of evil fortune. The dogged courage with which we bear up against the ills of fate, swimming strongly as the waves grow rougher, has its own meed of consolation. It is only at such a time, perhaps, that the really independent spirit of our natures is in the ascendent, and that we can stand amid the storm, conscious of our firmness, and bid the winds "blow and crack their cheeks." Yet, through how many sorrows must one have waded ere she reaches this point. Through what trials must she have passed; how must hope have paled, and flickered, and died out, how must all self-love, all ambition, all desire itself have withered within us, till we become like the rock amid the

breakers, against which the waves beat in vain!

Good intentions, like the waxen wings of Icarus, melt with the morning sun.

July 21, 1908.

Well, Mae, we are snugly settled in my cozy little home, on my ranch. Old Mammy and I live all alone in the quaintest little cottage, with green blinds and gray gables, the honeysuckle toiling up its sides, with the white blossoms flashing like stars among the green leaves. Then there are two old pine-trees that stood for years before the front door, like tall friars with green stoles folded over their bosoms; and on either side of the gravel-walks, violets and poppies make a ruffling of gold and purple down to the little gate.

Oh, it is a happy home to me! I sit here and close my eyes, and, looking down into the far land of my memory, there, I touch upon a tender subject. I must forget, may God forgive men, for they are very wicked. There is plenty of work here for Hattie, the colored woman, and I to do.

July 26, 1908.

Labor is an ordinance of God; virtue and industry go hand in hand together. We were not born into this world to be idlers and loungers. Not enjoyment but duty should be the aim of life; the daily heavings of the strong bosom of humanity tell us this. Every law in nature endorses the necessity of activity; our physical and intellectual powers are developed by labor. I will labor and do penance for my sins.

I wish you would come out here and pass a few months in California with me, I know that you would enjoy it for a while down here in Fairview, on the ranch. Fairview is situated a short distance from the ocean shores of silvery spray and thundering breakers, and the mountains on the north side with their snow-capped peaks. Between the mountains and Fairview are crowded charming villages and handsome cities and long, wide stretches of orange groves, green vineyards, apricots, and peach orchards, and between the ocean and here are winding streams and poppy-flaming plains. Either side of Fairview is worth crossing the continent to see.

I don't think you will know me when you see me, because I am bepainted and betwittered till

I am as hideous as a hot-house plant. If you make up your mind to come out here, Mae, don't forget to send a letter in advance to the president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, to let them know that you are coming, and they will appoint four or five of its members as delegates to go out as far as Pomona, to meet you, and welcome you. They will take a box of oranges with them and give you every one in the box. They will also give you the key to Los Angeles, and say to you, there are the mountains on one side and the ocean on the other, and there is the key to the valley. They will make you feel as if you own the State. They go out to meet every one that comes to Los Angeles, if they know when they are coming. Therefore, don't fail to let them know when you will start, and it won't cost you one cent for food from Pomona to Los Angeles, I made a big mistake when I didn't let them know that I was coming, you know. Los Angeles is a very generous town.

Well, now I must run out and feed the chickens. They are always glad to see me, and I am glad to see them. Three weeks seems to me like an age. I am sure I will atone for all the wicked things I done when I was young. It will be so

lonely for me out here, but I will turn to my books; they always receive me with the same kindness.

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men, as good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book as the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured upon purpose to a life beyond life.

Well, dear me, I am forgetting my work, the chickens are going to roost. Being, by nature, rather an orderly and systematic person, I always try to feed the poultry, before dark.

August 7, 1908.

Well, Mary Ann, oh, why can't I think, Mae, I should say, here goes for another installment, I want to tell you this morning how much has happened since I last drew my pen over these pages. I think I have been delirious most of the time. You know they say that falling in love is a habit. Well, I fear it is, for do you know, Mae, I really believe that I am in love again, and it seems like the first time in my life. It makes me so nervous to write about it that my hand shakes like an old woman's. You see, Mae, our physical wants result almost entirely from custom, and the resources of our minds greatly depend upon its usages. Since custom "is the chief magistrate of our lives, let us by all means endeavor to obtain good customs." I find that being in love is not a bad one. If you only knew how nice it was to be loved for one's self, you would agree with me, Mae.

This last love affair all came about this way. It was just after sunset, one pleasant evening. I was walking slowly through the orchard, on my way home, when I was startled by the report of a gun from a little hedge near me, with a feeling of terror, for the sound was not a common one in

this peaceful neighborhood, I quickened my pace, and was hurrying on, when a voice calling me made me pause. In an instant the sportsman stood before me, apologizing for the fright he had caused me, and pleading the unfrequented spot as an excuse for his having chosen it for sporting. He introduced himself as John Truelove, from Wisconsin, and I in return told him my name. When we parted at the gate, it was with a determination on his part that it should not be our last meeting, and a strong desire on my part to see him again.

August 19, 1908.

Somehow it happened that I grew very fond of taking long strolls about sunset; and John Truelove, by some unaccountable magic, was always going the same way about the same time. John is spending his vacation at Newport Beach, and every day he comes over to take me out for a drive, or a walk in the evening. We walk, and look at the stars and sky, and into each other's faces. We are too happy to talk much. "Mae, I do think I love him better than aught else on earth. We seem to be bound together by the closest ties of sympathy and mutual love."

My First Cousin, or Myself.

Last Saturday morning as I was busy in the kitchen, for it was baking day and Hattie was out picking berries, there came a knock at the front door. Supposing it to be some peddler, I just slipped off my apron, rolled down my sleeves, gave my hair a dash down with my hands, and hurried to open it. Judge of my surprise, when there stood John Truelove, with a smile upon his pretty little face, as handsome a specimen of a small man as could be imagined! I was so taken aback that I could hardly ask him in, and could not forbear a sly glance at a long streak of flour which ornamented the side of my face I am sure he thought it was something else. I saw him looking in the same direction; but he smothered any horror which he may have inwardly felt at this betrayal of my morning occupation.

I suppose you will call me silly, if I confess that my face was redder than a pulpit-cushion for a minute or two; but his manner was so very impressive and overpowering that I just acted as nice about it as I could, I gave him a cordial welcome, and he staid all day. I had made a nice custard, and set it to cool; and there was a plump pair of chickens in the oven; so I gave

myself no uneasiness about the table. Ten minutes sufficed me in which to don my dress, curl my hair, and primp up. When I returned to the parlor, John said, he never saw me look so pretty before," and "you have a very pretty place here, Annie," he added.

"My heart is wedded to it," I replied. "It is my home, and I love it, John."

"Such beauty with such sense is seldom combined," he answered, with such a pleasant smile.

I stepped into the kitchen and told Hattie to put everything that was good in the house on the table—that is in the eatable line, because I had often heard that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach. John is a good, honorable man, who would scorn to do an ignoble action. I am indeed happy, very happy. For further information you must await the day when the secrets of our hearts shall be revealed. Good night, with many kisses.

PLAYA DEL REY,
September 3, 1908.

Be composed, dear Mae, when I tell you I have gained a new cousin for you. The wedding is over, and we are here on our bridal tour, I was

married in a little church in Santa Ana, in my traveling-dress, and we started off immediately after the ceremony, to spend two weeks at Playa del Rey Beach. It is a charming place, dreadfully aristocratic, and as we are on our honeymoon, we are termed "exclusives." It is positively delightful. There are a great many people here, and I have made many pleasant acquaintances.

Really and truely, Mae, I am a wife; and John is noble and good. How strangely happy we are; how free from envy, or care. How swiftly and sweetly the days glide by; it is like a dream, which I sometimes fear will be broken. But this is not a dream, but real, earnest, true life—the life heaven meant we should lead.

Last evening John and I sat watching the moonlight quiver over the blue ocean, while we talked about our plans. He has a few thousand dollars to put into my little ranch. We will make that money go as far as it will towards making a handsome place. It stands upon a rise of ground which commands a beautiful view for many miles:—the calmest, fairest, widest, loveliest, most magnificent view. We will always have something beautiful to feed our souls

upon. We are to have an extensive park and flower-garden, and reserve a grove of pines, besides the eucalyptus and palms that are there now I shall have my house furnished with no regard to fashion.

Mae, you must come and make us a visit, if you are not married by this time.

"'Tis home where the heart is, and mine is here in California."

I came here as a dreamer, a poet, knowing but little of the nature I so truly loved, and in maiden meditation, fancy free. I am a dreamer and a poet still; but I have one by my side who is both a dreamer and a worker. I have learned to love the freshness and beauty of the outdoor world. And oh! I have learned a deeper love than that. Neither one of us knows much about working a ranch, but I will ride the horse while John holds the plow."

P. S.—Mae, don't come to visit us while we are away on our honeymoon.

P. S.—(the last). My address is,

Mrs. John Truelove,
Fairview,
Orange Co.,
California.

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